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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

Vol. LXIX. THURSDAY, MARCH 21, 1912. NUMBER 3.

Friend, thy page says "Pleasure,"
Friend, my page says "Pain."

But what is the end of our reading?
O, it is all the same!
Knowledge each will be heeding.

Friend, thy path is pleasure;
Friend, I go with pain.

What is the end of our going?
O, for each the same;
Ourselves we shall be knowing.

Friend, thy food is pleasure;
My bread and meat are pain.

What is the end of our living?
For each, for each the same!
Deep sight it will be giving.

—*Grace Fallow Norton, in Little Gray Songs from St. Joseph's.*

At last the long expected *Life of Cardinal Newman,* by Wilfred Ward, has appeared, in two noble volumes made up, for the most part, of letters and diaries of the Catholic period. It shows us that the life of Newman in the Church of Rome was far from happy, owing to the fact that its rulers were fearful of him, and thwarted all his dear designs. This is not the place to deal with the intricate issues involved, but from the last page of the the last volume we pick this flower, which has a strange beauty like the man in whose life it grew.

"A poor, an indigent person, a stranger to him, had once left for him at the house door a silk handkerchief with a message of respect. That was very many years before he was Cardinal, and when he seemed, so to speak, much set aside; at a time, too, when he was himself very poor. Both present and message were received by him as they were meant, and with a solemn gravity which checked even a smile. He kept the handkerchief as something he prized. When he went to bed expecting to die, he had it brought to him, and put it on, and, though the doctors said he might as well be without it, he died with it on. He had kept it quite thirty years, even more." J. N.

How many readers of UNITY are familiar with *The Labyrinth of the World,* by John Komensky—or Comenius, as it is written in English—the noble religious classic of Bohemia? It may now be read in an excellent translation by Count Lutzow, who has recently visited the Universities of the country, and whose service in introducing the history and literature of the people of his fathers to English readers, is worthy of all honor. The *Labyrinth* is a great and simple book written from the heart of a great and simple man; one of the pilgrim allegories of the world, taking rank with that of Bunyan. The Pilgrim, conducted by Imprudence and Falsehood, wanders through the labyrinth of the world, finding strife and discord everywhere, with an increasing sense of the vanity of it all. The second part of the book, called *The Paradise of the Heart,* is a book of Christian mysticism, sweet, sane, and sunny with that gentle and solitary power which men call quietism, but which is the mightiest force upon the earth. After reading this book, one can understand the lines in the Song of the Bohemian Exiles:

"Nothing have we taken with us,
Everything is lost;
We have but our Bible of Kralice,
Our 'Labyrinth of the World.' "

J. N.

Mr. Silas McBee, editor of *The Churchman,* the organ of the Episcopal Church in this country, exercises a notable influence, and is well known as an ardent devotee of the ideal of Christian union. Not long ago Mr. McBee went on a tour, as a member of a small party of American churchmen, to interview the heads of Protestant and Catholic churches, with the object of discovering the prospects of finding a basis for mutual recognition and co-operation—whereof we read in his little book, *An Eirenic Itinerary,* giving lively impressions of his journey. In Russia he saw, among others, the Czar, who, "without hesitation, authorized me to express his sympathy and interest in the movement." At Rome he saw the King and Cardinal Merry del Val, but not the Pope. The Cardinal listened, but did not discuss the question, merely saying, "I wish I could accompany you on your journey." Mr. McBee's conclusion is that while "an enormous change of heart is taking place everywhere, through interchange of thought, courtesy and personal touch, yet the time has not come for corporate planning and discussion of the basis of reunion." That is no doubt the exact situation, which is not made any better by the fact that Mr. McBee and his fellow pilgrims ignored all churches not calling themselves "catholic." J. N.

How better can one spend these Lenten days than by reading one or more of the great devotional classics, such as the *Confessions of St. Augustine* or *The Imitation of Christ.* We live in a vexed and hurrying age, often baffled and confused, and need to put ourselves to school to the great Teachers of Quietness, else our sense of eternal realities will grow dim. Phillips Brooks was surely right when he said that mysticism is the heart of religion, without which the head that thinks and the hand that toils are liteless. Noble as our age is, fruitful alike in activity and achievement, when we open the pages of the mystics we feel that something high and fine has gone out of our life—something more precious than all the gold in all the marble hills. Such books as the *Imitation* are not written now. Modern life is unfavorable to the meditative habit out of which these vital books of the soul are born. Benjamin Jowett—half a saint and half a cynic—proposed a new *Imitation of Christ,* combining, in a manual of piety, lofty spirituality and a profound knowledge of the world. But he did not write it, and it is open to question whether he could have written it. Had Tolstoy essayed such a book, uniting his clear-seeing rationalism with his spirit of renunciation, setting down the vision with the awful simplicity of genius, it would have been an approach to such a book. But it was not to be so. Meanwhile, it will do us good to go back into the quieter past and refresh our souls at the permanent fountains of the spiritual life. J. N.

All right-thinking men must deeply regret the fate of the arbitration treaties in the Senate, although in the nature of things it is only a temporary set-back to a great cause. Still, as an exhibit of petty politics working, with horn-eyed stupidity, for the delay of a noble movement, it is a matter for chagrin. Through it all the President has conducted himself with a dignity and wisdom of which his fellow citizens may well be proud. It may be true that in the game of peanut politics his fingers are all thumbs, but he has shown himself to be a statesman of world-vision and a human heart. His frequent references to the horrors of war, and his noble utterance that there is no issue which a civilized nation may not submit to arbitration, mark him as a man of large outlook. Let us hope that he will be permitted to sign with his own hand a treaty knitting the great nations in a league of honorable and enduring peace. J. N.

Unusually rich is the March number of *The Open Court.* The obituary sketch of the late Father Hyacinthe Loyon recalls a man of rare spirit, who united in a happy degree religious fervor and high intellectuality, a born preacher and thinker, who recently died in Paris at the age of eighty-five. The sketch is an account of his marriage, and is followed, appropriately, by an address by him on the subject of "Marriage" which for power of thought, nobility of style and depth of feeling has never been surpassed. Love has two enemies, divorce and death. The latter is vanquished by the victorious faith with which the address closes; that death-defying faith which, born of love, comes at last to the rescue of love. Of the former he has this to say:

> "I am not speaking of legal divorce, but of the divorce which escapes all civil laws and religious stipulations, the internal divorce of those who, not being able to actualize love and not wishing to scandalize the moral sense of the world, become resigned to the outward appearance of a conjugal union and to perfectly credible relations with each other, disarming and dispelling suspicion. In this case, especially, the divorce is a complete one. The indissolubility of a marriage which is separated from the permanence of love is the worst of all masks assumed by the worst of divorces."

J. N.

The Peace Treaties—and Senator Fletcher

The friends of international peace, not only in America but throughout the world, will deplore the vicious and indefensible attack which was made on the Arbitration Treaties by the United States Senate. The drafting of these Treaties by President Taft and Secretary Knox was undoubtedly one of the finest pieces of constructive statesmanship that our country has seen during the last generation, and it is to be regretted that jealousies of party and trivialities of political advantage should have been allowed to interfere with this notable achievement for human welfare. It is interesting to see that among the senators who voted consistently for the destruction of the Treaties was the Hon. Duncan U. Fletcher, Senator from Florida—and incidentally Vice-President of the American Unitarian Association! It will be remembered that, at the annual meeting of the Association a year ago, a vigorous fight was made against the election of Mr. Fletcher to the office of Vice-President, on the ground of the scandalous attitude which he had taken in the loathsome Lorimer case as a member of the investigating committee. It was argued in Boston that Senator Fletcher in defending the Illinois boss and voting against his expulsion, had failed to display that fidelity to the highest ideals of public service which the Unitarians have become accustomed to expect in the men whom they delight to honor and to present to the country as fitting representatives of the practical standards of their religion. In other words, he had failed to maintain to the best traditions of Unitarian life; and it was on this ground that his election to a position of distinction in our national body was opposed. Senator

Fletcher's ignoble opposition to the Arbitration Treaties and his utter failure to recognize in these documents an achievement of statesmanship which demanded the hearty assent of every true friend of humanity, constitute the best kind of confirmation of this attack which was made upon him a year ago. It is to be hoped that, at the annual meeting this coming May, the Association will not again disgrace itself merely for the sake of counting a United States Senator among its Vice-Presidents.

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

Church of the Messiah, New York City.

Correspondence

Dear UNITY:

At the City Club in Rochester today, Dr. Stanton Coit, speaking on the "Awakening of Social Democracy in England," quoted the following lines from "The Way of the Lord," a little book of poetic prose by the wife of Canon Cheyne, editor of the famous "Encyclopedia Biblica." The lady is a Socialist, as the lines will perhaps indicate. We are given to understand that the little book is full of such work and is not selling very well because it is too radical for the average English publisher. Many here wished to have the lines printed, so let UNITY "start the ball rolling." Those who know England will not feel any exaggeration, but only the terrible truth. The most impressive lines to me are the last three, where the mother hears the call for blood as the past's way of settling social problems, and the cry of the present for some better way, and the indecision as to which method to choose. I think that there are thousands at this cross-roads today. Perhaps it is best that she leaves us to answer the question, and decide which to do.

Very sincerely yours,

March 9, 1912. EDWIN ALFRED RUMBALL.

THE MOTHER

There are two mothers in the country where I live—
Another mother, and myself;
I am the mother of the rich children,
And the other mother is the mother of the poor children,
I am not jealous of the other mother—
Because my children have everything,
And her's have nothing.
I am not cruel to her;
I allow her to come and work for me,
As a nurse, a sewing woman and a charwoman,
And I pay her as much a day as my own breakfast costs me,
For that should feed and clothe herself and her children handsomely;
I give her my children's clothes,
And sometimes I give her their rejected food,
If their particular pet animals do not need it;
I speak civilly to the other mother, because I am covertly thankful
I am not she,
And because I am afraid that if I spoke otherwise
She might strike me or my children,
And demand hers and their share of everything,
Or steal it when we are not looking.
I think that when people are poor it is their own fault,
And that it is because they are lazy or drunken or both.
It is a shame that I have to pay for the poor children's education,
As it takes all I can afford to send my own children
To the public school and the University.
It is a greater shame that I have to pay for their school dinners and their medical inspection,
As it takes all I can afford to feed my own children on Epicure's food,
And send them to the best eye specialists and physicians.
I take all that is given to me and my children,
But I am afraid of pauperizing the poor mother and her children.
I think that she ought also to save up for her old age pension.
One day, when I was explaining these things to her politely,
She retorted that it was I who am the pauper:
And that her children must go ragged
That mine must be smart;
That hers must be hungry that mine may be pampered;
That hers must die that mine must live.
So I told her that she was talking politics, which is not woman's business,
And that the Socialists had been perverting her.
I shut the door in her face, and gave her no more work
Till I could do without her no longer,
And had to send for her to come back.
She said that some of her children had died in the meantime,
As she had had no money to buy food for them.
So I said: "That will teach you to keep your place, and not to call me a pauper."
Now she comes and cleans my nurseries,
And feeds and tends my babies,
And makes elaborately embroidered clothes for them;
But she says nothing,
And I wonder why she is silent.
One night I dreamed that I asked her why,
And she said:
"My dead children are crying to me to kill you,
And my living children are crying to me to forgive you,
And I have not yet decided which to do."

—*Elizabeth Gibson Cheyne, "The Way of the Lord."*

The Woman Question

To the Editor of UNITY:

Am I a sinner above other Galileans of the "progressive" sort? I note that a recent letter of mine comes under condemnation in a mild, genial way, in your issue of February 22. If I have been guilty of a breach of courtesy toward UNITY, I beg your pardon. UNITY has been a source of inspiration and help to me these many years—more than fifteen, if memory serves me aright. Perhaps because your paper has always been so sane, fearless and progressive your seeming apostasy grieved some of us the more deeply. And perhaps it is true that some of us fail of the rare grace that can appreciate "the other side" when buffetings come thick and fast about our devoted heads. And it is woman's *head* that receives the brunt of the buffeting. Her poor intellect is ever under disparagement.

The most admirable "anti" on the woman question, to my mind, is old Hesiod of the Greeks, who says frankly and sincerely: "Woman is an accursed brute." He does not gloss the assertion over with sugar coating of chivalric sentiment, and, really, one likes his straightforwardness better than Tennyson's clever mingling of contempt and chivalry in such passages as,

"Leave thou thy sister when she prays,
Her earlier Heaven, her happy view;"

and, "Till at last she set herself to man
Like perfect music unto noble words."

Better the sincerity and frankness of the hero of "Locksley Hall" when he says:

"Woman's pleasure, woman's pain,
Nature made them blind emotions
Bounded in a shallower brain,"—

than Professor Foster's gentle insinuations regarding the importance of sex in woman's life. And then, when two of the "sisters" replied to Professor Foster briefly in argument much less insidiously contemptuous than his strictures upon the eternal feminine, editorial comment was headed *"A Professor Scarified."* In very truth, it is woman who has been *scarified* from the days of Hesiod to Kipling's "The Female of the Species," which is advertised as stinging like a whip-lash upon a woman's face.

We do not deny that many women enjoy the sting of the lash, just as Chinese women of the upper classes enjoyed hobbling on mutilated feet, so greatly that they petitioned the Emperor to retain the ancient and honorable custom of foot binding, when the missionaries were laboring for the emancipation of Chinese women—beginning with their feet. However, right is not a question of majorities.

With best wishes for the welfare and success of UNITY, I remain, A "progressive,"

FRANCES G. RICHARDS.

Oxford, Ohio, Feb. 24, 1912.

Editor of UNITY:

Apropos of the letter reprinted in your columns of March 14 from the Record-Herald, respecting Miss Pankhurst's action at Nashville, it is but fair to say that Miss Pankhurst has corrected its main statement, as appears below:

Toledo, Ohio, March 10.—To the Editor: A letter published in *The Record-Herald* Feb. 20 has just been sent to me. Though it is some time since it appeared, I trust that, as the letter is all about my supposed doings in Nashville, you will allow me to make a correction. Your correspondent is under the impression that I promised to speak at Fisk University and then refused to do so. As a matter of fact, I made the promise and kept it, as the students and teachers at Fisk can testify. E. SYLVIA PANKHURST.

Meadville Letter

To the Editor of UNITY:

At the beginning of this second semester of the year's work the Meadville Theological School is trying to adjust itself to the loss of its Hackley Professor of Sociology and Ethics, Nicholas Paine Gilman. After a definite illness of less than a month, although long enfeebled by a growing and insidious disease, Professor Gilman died on January 23. After a simple but impressive service here, the body was cremated at Pittsburgh. Professor Gilman was in his seventeenth year of service in the school and as a teacher and writer of acknowledged authority, had conferred distinction upon the institution. His memory was honored at a Memorial Service held in the Chapel of Divinity Hall on February 7, presided over by President Franklin C. Southworth, and Professor Francis A. Christie, D. D. Dr. H. H. Barber spoke for the faculty and the Department of Sociology; Dr. Frank C. Lockwood, Dean of the English Department at Allegheny College, spoke for the world of letters and for the community; Rev. Carl August Voss, D. D., of Pittsburgh, spoke for the trustees and Professor Gilman's pupils. By letter and telegram many friends and students have expressed their regard and sympathy.

Dr. Christie is sailing on February 14 for Italy and Greece, for a Sabbatical semester's study and travel. The other departments of the School are offering a full program of work to a rather larger number of men than have of late been registered. The newly established German Department is beginning to find its material in men training for the service of the German churches; as yet more come from Germany direct than from German-American circles.

The semester's offering of lectures has been a rich one. We had a visit of three days from the brilliant and popular English preacher, R. J. Campbell, two of whose addresses appear in resumé in our last Bulletin. Mrs. Lucia Ames Mead gave us a stirring address on the call for international peace, and two Ballou lectures of unusual insight and persuasiveness were given by Dr. Devine of Columbia University and the *Survey*. The American Lectures on the History of Religions by Dr. Franz Cumont of Brussels brought us the contact of profound and stimulating scholarship conjoined with a rare charm of personality. These lectures, on Astrology and Ancient Religion, have already appeared in book form.

Meadville does not forget that it was founded primarily to train ministers for the free churches of America; to this end it looks to the parishes for an increased supply of students. This year, as last, half the men who have entered are Europeans, Great Britain, Holland, Germany and Italy being represented This is a welcome extension of the school's influence; may it be also not without honor in its own country. One of our Seniors, Mr. Leif Huseby, has just assumed the pastorate of the Unitarian Church of Elizabeth, New Jersey. C. R. B.

ROMANCE IN THE CITY

God opens doors to those who knock,
  He sends His dreams to those who pray
For some romance the while they toil
  In dingy offices all day,
When fog hangs over London town,
  And city streets are cold and gray.

Each Bill of Lading's a romance
  To make me dream of Eastern seas,
Of towns with strangely sounding names,
  Of shining harbors, sun-bathed quays;
I picture grave-faced merchant-men
  In dim bazaars as consignees.

I write the vessel's name and port,
  And lo! her halliards sing to me,
I am on board and Eastward bound
  For Smyrna and Gallipoli,
Thro' archipelagoes that gleam
  Like opals on a sapphire sea.

I see the goods I invoice home'd
  In palaces of dusky kings,
In corridors all pearl and gold,
  In courtyards full of splendid things,
Where slave-girls dance, magnificent
  Beyond a man's imaginings.

When fog comes down on London town,
  And city streets are cold and gray,
God opens doors to those who knock,
  And sends romance to those who pray
For warmth and color, while they toil
  In dingy offices all day.

G. E. M., *in the Westminster Gazette.*

THE PULPIT

A COMMUNITY PROGRAM FOR THE COUNTRY CHURCH.

Last week we took editorial notice of Church Life, the organ of the Wisconsin Congregationalist and printed in connection therewith the editorial concerning country town churches. As then promised we print this week an address delivered before the Wisconsin Country Life Conference held at Madison, Wisconsin, last month, by Warren H. Wilson, Secretary of the Department of Church and Country Life of the Presbyterial Board of Home Missions. We take great pleasure in commending the same to our readers. It appeals alike to representatives of all denominations and points the way by which all denominations may first coöperate and then merge in the interest of the rural community. Whatever may be said of the value of sectarian rivalry in the city, and too much is said on this subject, all the arguments fall to the ground when we enter the country where the "bringing of everybody together" is absolutely necessary before any high results can be obtained. It has come to pass that the question for rural communities to decide is not whether a union church or sectarian church is preferable, but it is a question of a union church or no church at all.—Editor.

The first essential in the community program is a survey for the securing of knowledge as to existing conditions in the country and comprehension of the wants which the church should satisfy. Religion is, humanly speaking, a system of values. The values of life in recent years have changed and the needs of mankind have been restated. The list of human wants is not what it was fifty years ago. The church must satisfy in our time a different selection of wants and in order to know what the wants and what the needs of the community are the results of a careful, scientific survey are necessary.

This survey must not be purely local. The minister should make a study of his own field, but in the terms of general sociological survey covering the whole population. Such general survey we have been making for the past year in the Department of Church and Country Life, and we have accumulated a body of knowledge in regard to rural conditions and institutions which furnishes the country church with the basis for a new program of action. These surveys are reports of all the conditions affecting church life in selected communities throughout eight counties in Pennsylvania and thirteen counties in Illinois. In all these cases and others, the whole population is studied and conditions, economic, social, educational and religious are precisely recorded.

The need of this kind of work is made clear when one recognizes that the only common policy and the only accepted program among country churches throughout the United States is evangelism, the offering of heavenly salvation and the warning of particular sinners away from a future hell; these are one common and universal method in which all churches ministering in the country agree. There is no other method so general as this. It constitutes today the country church program. The man to whom assurance of salvation has been given is encouraged to believe that religion runs its course in his personality. He is plainly told that the sacrifices and the plans of the Almighty were made to the end that he could go to heaven. The result is that being concerned to go to heaven, he is always ready to sell his land in that community and go to Texas. He is a migrant, a spiritual nomad. He has no obligations. He is not anchored in that soil nor morally bound to build that community. The church made up of such men is a mere heap of sand that an economic wind may drive away.

The first thing needed is a recognition of the fact that the welfare of the people is essential to the welfare of the church. Without a real prosperity among the people there cannot be a prosperous country church. Indeed the prosperity and continuance of the country church is about the best register one can find of the well-being of country people. Whatever is true of the people is recorded in their church and when one has defined in the terms of the agricultural college just what rural prosperity is, he finds in his definition the very things that the rural Christian worker desires for his people. I therefore would place as the first factor in the community program for the country church the promotion of better agriculture. The minister now working in the country should become a local exponent of the doctrine of the college of agriculture and of the departments, state and national, which are teaching the farmer how better he may till the land.

But I am interested in the construction of community institutions. The Christian Church has a message of co-operation. In certain communities the ministers have been leaders in the organizing of farmers for the betterment of the whole community. I am told that in Minnesota the system of co-operative creameries in which that state excels was launched in a country community under the leadership of a Catholic priest, who was studying the interest of his own people. Among the co-operating farmers in Kentucky who raise and sell black tobacco and fix the price thereof, the ministers and school teachers in the country have been leading men, and their influence for the success of the co-operation has been vast.

I believe this co-operative union of farmers in getting a living is essential to the consolidation of schools and federation of churches. I do not mean that the schools will be automatically consolidated, nor the churches easily federated so soon as the farmers co-operate. It does not work that way. The task of the teacher and the preacher still remains to be done, but until the people do co-operate in getting a living, educational and religious federation is seriously retarded.

The second feature in the community program which the church should lay before its people is the consolidation of the country schools. Now I know that not all country schools will be consolidated, but in order to lift the standard throughout all the schools and to leaven the whole educational mass with better principles, we must standardize the country schools on a new basis. After careful investigation I am convinced that we cannot build a permanent country church of a style to be serviceable to the needs of country people without the co-operation of a modern consolidated country school.

I hope that by every such school—and in time I believe their number may be adequate to the education of the children of the whole country—there may be placed a country church. I care not of what denomination, provided it be native to the population living thereabout. I am convinced that this church would live and thrive, and in the school and in the church as one common social center the whole life of the country-side would find its heart and its brain. This ideal is not impossible and the advocacy of it should be a part of the program of the country church.

The third feature in the community program for the country church is a pastor resident in the open country. I am come to Wisconsin to learn whether the wise men here believe that the open country is to be deserted by the farmer. Some people hold that the schools and churches will follow the store into the villages and that ultimately the farmers will reside in villages, going out in the morning to till their land, and going home at night to sleep. I do not so believe. I hope that the American farmer will always be an independent yeoman. living on his own land. The co-operation which is essential to better farming is made possible in our day, without collective residence, through the telephone and the daily delivery of mail. It seems to me that the best traits in moral character and certain precious experiences in religion have been made possible by the independent residence of the farmers in the open country. If that is to be the type of residence for the farmers in future years, however, it must be reinforced by an adequate school system and by a resident country ministry.

The trouble with the open country, religiously speaking, is all condensed into the non-residence of the ministers. The modern country minister is not a pastor, but a preacher. He lives in the town where he does not preach, and preaches in the country where he does not live. The bigger the town, the more ministers live there. These men go out on different Sundays of the month to different churches in the country. They are not dependent on the horse, who used to be a religious animal, but they travel by rail. Whether it be two miles or twenty miles, it is a different journey for each Sunday of the month. Naturally they select the fattest and most promising churches. The system has come in time to be an exploitation of the country by townsmen, primarily for their own profit; sentimentally for the salvation of souls in the country. There could not be a religious system better suited to the impoverishment of country people than this one.

Its results are expressed in an intensifying of rural individaulism. The only gospel such a preacher could bring is personal salvation. The highest fruits of his ministry are in the assurance of a name written in heaven. The saved soul is given no spiritual anchorage in the community; therefore believing that he is going some day to move to heaven, he is always ready to sell his farm and move to Texas or to California. The result is that the country community has an unstable population so far as the churches can affect it. The country church has no secure hold. It lays no serviceable obligation upon its members.

The religion that is thought out in the town is a very poor fit for the countryman. It is going to be as hard to persuade young ministers to go and live in the country as it is to persuade them to go as foreign missionaries, and it will be as great a task to persuade the farmers to support them and maintain them there as to persuade the heathen Chinee to hear the missionary. But this is the task which is essential to the country church program.

It immediately raises the question of two other elements in the program. The first of these is the necessity for federating the churches in the country, so that every town shall have a pastor and every community shall have a resident minister. I could give, if there were time, detailed plans for this kind of service in the country. My only purpose here is to insist that along with the continuance of denominational churches, which are the strongest churches we have, we must find some way of giving to every community a resident minister of some denomination and to every minister, wherever he shall preach, a community in which he shall be the bishop, the pope, the priest and the prophet. I think that such a division of the territory is going to be possible. I do not claim it is to be easy. If any of you are accustomed to pray, I beg of you pray for this. Great plans are being made and further plans must be made by most devoted men and the solution is going to be found. No man can make a country church program and leave out this essential principle of the federation of the churches for the service of country people.

You see how immediately it follows that the minister should be adequately supported in the country. This also is a part of every community program, and it is a task I must commend, not to the minister, who will never perform it, but to the laymen who can effectively settle it. Ministers in all parts of the country who minister to farmers are still suffering the results of the long period of poverty endured by the farmer after the civil war. Salaries are below a living rate. The minister whom I have described, a resident in the open country, serving a whole community and useful to the social and religious needs of all the people whom he can reach by horse or automobile from his residence, ought to have a wage of fourteen hundred dollars per year, in order to do his work effectively. The farmer to whom he ministers nowadays buys machinery for farming his land, but his minister has, in the annual budget called his salary, no allowance for books, horse hire, travel or attendance upon conventions. Every one of these is an essential modern machine for doing the work of the Gospel.

This is the reason why ministers move so frequently in the smaller churches. This is the main reason why ministers do not live in the country. I have known men who preached to wealthy farmers to be reduced to the most humiliating makeshifts for the purpose of getting a living. I know a man in New Jersey who is selling life insurance outside his own parish. His wife is seeking a place to teach school in order to support the family. But this man is in a famous church which he has served acceptably for fifteen years. His people in that time have become wealthy. They are half-way between the markets of Philadelphia and New York. They are skilled and modern farmers and they are

out of debt. They have lighted and paved their village, improved the schools, bought automobiles for themselves and are increasing their gifts to the church in its home and foreign missionary benevolences, but they never have changed the salary of their minister in fifteen years. There must be a new responsibility among church officers, for the ministers can not attend to this matter, in most cases a sense of responsibility which will make the officers inquire into the minister's condition, and take measures for satisfying his financial needs. It is a problem also to be settled by supervision of the churches from without. What is the use of our bishops and superintendents if they do not support the uniform demands of the ministers on which their stability and usefulness are dependent?

The fifth factor in the country community program is recreation. What a splendid word it is. It can never be lost wholly from its religious implications. The creation of the world was done by the Almighty, and is being completed by every worker on the farm or in the factory, but recreation is the rebuilding of the worker himself. Whenever men work in a systematic way, as evrybody of consequence does, nowadays, they turn to play for refreshment. If their work is organized, their play will also be organized. Team work is matched in town and city over the whole country by team play. The most wholesome thing in the great manufacturing centers as a sign of the normal condition of the workers is the playground, for where workingmen do not play they drink. Wherever labor is so organized and the speed is so intense that the worker breaks down there the saloon thrives and the playground disappears. But every body of working people throughout the United States which is getting on and doing well normally, exhibits that fact in playgrounds which surround the industrial cities and towns like a girdle of electric vitality.

The beautiful thing about recreation is its power of moral construction. We have abolished the saloon from a great deal of the open country. Indeed the farmer is resolved as a rule to make an end of the saloon, but when the saloon is abolished the town is no better. It is simply freed from an enemy and a parasite. There is needed an institution to build up and strengthen the moral fibre. Recreative enterprises promise to fill and satisfy this need.

What a man does in work is required of him. What he does in play is voluntary. Every action of every member of a team is joyous and exuberant. It is an act of choice and of happy freedom of will. Both the obedience to the captain of the team and the initiative in the expression of personal skill are moral acts of the purest sort, so that play is an ethical process and the promotion of play activities is a highly moral enterprise. If we want something to develop the ethical possibilities of our young people, if we desire a training in citizenship for working-men, if we are seeking for a curriculum by which the foreigner may learn the rights and wrongs of American citizenship, the playground and the organized activities of an institution like the church are the very best possible.

Now we have something of this sort in the so-called social life of the churches. The promotion of sociability requires a number of enterprises. The thing I am commending is simply organized enterprise. It does not matter whether you have a gymnasium, a bowling alley and a billiard table or not. I believe in every one of them. Religious institutions are using them all with great profit, but it is a mistake to bind up the project of moral culture through recreation to a billiard table or a gymnasium or a baseball game. The important thing is that frequent opportunities to get together and to act together be provided for the yonug people in the country.

Now when I was a minister in the country I will tell you what we did of this sort. We went hunting and we went camping with reasonable frequency, in parties from two to forty in size. We had a number of parties through the winter, and of sales and fairs throughout the summer. Usually these things were free, but where we sold something we would put on a moderate charge, which offended no one. We had some joyful times over the ancient photographs of the neighborhood. I remember how in a certain corner of my parish the game of crokinole ran a long course through the winter and how expert some big, husky farmers became in that idiotic game. We had a great celebration at Christmas time. At first timidly, then quite boldly, we put on a dramatic entertainment, a play, if you please, and there on the church platform extended with planks, and surrounded with curtains, young people and old people of the community trod the boards and spoke their lines and acted their parts to the great joy of the assembled countryside. When this was done, as for nineteen years it has been regularly and solemnly and joyously done, the whole countryside came together, Catholic as well as Protestant, the Christian and the pagan, and even the hermit.

Then we had customs of eating together, a great feast, at which four hundred people sat down every autumn under the locust trees to eat together at a common table. I assure you every one was there. The proud and wealthy representatives of the oldest families were there, who claimed the best tables for themselves and got them, but their presence did not exclude the humble but eager Irish immigrant, or Polish Catholic, who was willing to work in the kitchen for the sake of sitting at the table after the rest of the neighbors. You know farmers raise the food and they take naturally to the eating of it. A very old part of the program of religion is eating together. It is much older than preaching, and I claim that if we cannot have preaching in our country church program, we must at least keep in it the common table.

The beauty about the recreative enterprises is that they bring everybody together. Preaching is dogmatic. The greatest eloquence cannot restore it to a community experience. But everybody works and everybody wants to play together. It does them good and whatever does good is of concern to the church. I know that some people do not like recreation, but there are some people that do not like sweat. When a man works he sweats, and when a community is organized for systematic labor it plays. It is the business of the church to like everything that has so much to do with conscience as organized recreation has.

The last element in the country church program is the business of the church with the common folks. Now in every community there are certain people who are on the edge of things. The father says about his boy, "My boy is on the edge. He doesn't know whether he will stay or not. I tell him that my land is worth more every five years, but that does not keep him. I tell him that his mother and I need him, but that has no influence. He will not say whether he will stay on the farm or go to the city." There are other people in the commnuity who are on the edge. The renter who has had a one-year lease on the land is marginal to the country community. The hired man who drifts into the place and may pass out is but feebly anchored in the community. Now the business of the church in the country is with these folk. They long have known that people who are sick, or in prison, or poor, are proper objects of the church's care. But our interest here is social, and with the sick and the poor we must include those who are marginal to the community because of their social conditions, and of them all let us say that the business of the church is to win to the community those who are on the edge of the community. The function of the church and school is to sift the marginal people, and to retain those in the community who are of value to the whole body. We must remember, too, that whatever is done for marginal people is done for all. This is the principle of social service by which we shall select those for whom we work and not spend time on everybody. The people who come to church of themselves are the people who have one hundred and sixty to three hundred acres of land. The bulk of church membership is made up of these. Let them alone. They do not need to be worked for. They are the substantial and well fixed members of the community. They cannot get away if they want to. But turn the whole policy of the church into an interpretation of the life of marginal people and so understanding the community work in its common interests, knowing that whatever is done for them will be of benefit to all.

You may be sure that the man who owns a quarter section of land will be glad to have the church help the workingman, because it helps his problem of labor. You may be sure that the father and mother, however conservative, will be glad to have the church win son and daughter to a permanent residence in that community. These people may oppose at the beginning a policy of marginal service, but they will be grateful for it in the end, for they also will share in the benefit and in no other policy than this one can every one in the commnuity be benefited by the services of the church and the school.

This is our task, then, to build institutions in the country which shall make country life worth while. I know that the ultimate register of this value of country life will be in the individual. I hold that clearly in mind. When the woman and her daughter are contented, then country life is a success, then the rural home will stand secure, and with its security all other things in the country will be conserved, but we cannot approach directly the evangelization of the home. Households are instinctive institutions. They can only be built by building the whole civilization. We can, however, reconstruct the church and the school. These institutions are voluntary. They can be changed through legislation and through new methods of education and here is our business. The fruition of our efforts will be the perfection of the rural household and the restoration of it to the power it once had in the commnuity. But the method of our work will be through the church and the school and for that purpose a constructive program such as I have attempted to describe is necessary.

The thing is going to be done. Be not afraid of the future. The men and women who are enlisted in this task are going to win. Already we see the beginnings of a better day. The change of heart that has come in country life in two years, is the most striking and amazing common experience which the American people have seen in many decades. Every one is enlisted in this enterprise, and every one will be profited by these reforms. Therefore, do not be afraid, but do your own part, organize your own community and serve where you can, and as the Kingdom of God appeareth without observation, a day will soon come when it will suddenly be recorded that the farmer has come into his own. The country community is the best place to live in. The country church shall be then again the strong representative church in every denomination. The country school shall be an institution leading the educational procession, and not at the tail of it, while the teacher and the pastor in the country will again have the place they hold in the American tradition, as the leaders and the builders of country community life, the men whose hand is on the heart strings of the American people, the makers of a new American idealism.

A SONG OF BUSY BEING

If you were busy being kind,
Before you knew it, you would find
You'd soon forget to think 'twas true
That someone was unkind to you.

If you were busy being glad,
And cheering people who are sad,
Although your heart might ache a bit,
You'd soon forget to notice it.

If you were busy being good,
And doing just the best you could,
You'd not have time to blame some man
Who's doing just the best he can.

If you were busy being true
To what you know you ought to do,
You'd be so busy you'd forget
The blunders of the folks you've met.

If you were busy being right,
You'd find yourself too busy, quite,
To criticize your neighbor long
Because he's busy being wrong.

—*Rebecca B. Foresman.*

Build for yourself a strong box,
Fashion each part with care;
When it's strong as your hand can make it,
Put all your troubles there;
Hide there all thoughts of your failures
And each bitter cup that you quaff;
Lock all your heartaches within it,
Then sit on the lid and laugh.

M. A. B.

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SENIOR EDITOR ..... JENKIN LLOYD JONES
ASSISTANT EDITOR ..... EDITH LACKERSTEEN
DEPARTMENT EDITOR ..... MRS. WILLIAM KENT

EDITORIAL CONTRIBUTORS:

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."

UNITARIAN TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.

REPORT AND APPEAL

The work of the Society has, in the main, been along the lines followed in recent years.

I. The distribution of free tracts. This work has not been pushed as much as formerly. But all calls for them have been met, and many have come from churches, Sunday-schools, Alliances, Women's Christian Temperance Unions, and individuals from all parts of the country.

II. The president and members of the executive board have responded as far as possible to invitations to give addresses on the subject of Temperance. It is an encouraging fact that the Alliances are more and more asking for such speakers. It is hoped that more will be done in this direction in the future.

III. The special feature of our work for the year has been the free distribution of a special edition of that most admirable little book (134 pp.), "On the Firing Line in the Battle for Sobriety," by Rev. Dr. Jenkin Lloyd Jones. It has been given on application (accompanied by five cents in stamps to cover expense of mailing) to preachers, teachers, librarians, and Sunday-school superintendents, who promise to use it and keep it in circulation. Some seven hundred copies have so far been called for, and it is evident, from letters and press notices, that this valuable document has been highly appreciated, and that it will long continue to do a large and important educational work.

IV. The work of publicity carried on by the president has been extended during the year. Besides maintaining a monthly temperance department in three periodicals,—the *Christian Register*, the *National Advocate* (New York City), and the *Unitarian Word and Work*,—he has contributed many articles to religious and secular papers, in this way placing temperance facts and arguments before many hundreds of thousands of persons. Several of these articles have been extensively reprinted at home and abroad. A most gratifying recognition of his work has been a recent invitation to contribute temperance editorials to one of the leading so-called orthodox religious weeklies of the country. This work could be greatly extended if he could give more time to it, as may be arranged in the future.

FINANCIAL NEEDS.

The record of work, just given, indicates the pressing need for more money, if the Society is to accomplish what it is evidently called upon to do. *If our contributions could be doubled, the effectiveness of our work could be more than quadrupled* by seizing upon the opportunities which now present themselves to the president.

(1) We need a large increase of annual members, paying $1 a year.

(2) We need many life members, paying the sum of $25, or $5 a year for five years.

(3) We need contributions from Alliances—renewals from those who have given in the past, and gifts from those who have not as yet remembered us.

(4) We need contributions of larger sums from individuals and churches, following the example of the First Parish in Roxbury, which sent us last year the sum of $50 by the hand of its minister, Dr. De Normandie.

We confidently appeal to the generosity of Unitarians everywhere to help us carry forward a sane and effective educational campaign for temperance, which can be made as large as the funds placed in our hands will permit. It should be noted that our society asks for the coöperation of all those who feel the importance of the subject of Temperance, whatever their opinion may be touching the best methods of work.

JOSEPH H. CROOKER,
President for the Society.

CLEANING UP A STATE

To stand up before one's own State and tell it that it is dirty and that it is a dirty State because its people are dirty, and then in two years force the whole commonwealth literally to wash up, may seem like a Herculean task, but it is just what Dr. Oscar Dowling has accomplished in easy-going but awakening Louisiana. Perhaps there are other States just as bad, or worse, that haven't awakened yet. And, strange to say, Louisiana did not resent the accusation. Its people were shocked, but Dr. Dowling was so earnest and had so much tangible, visible evidence to back up his statement, that they not only admitted the truth of it, but began to negotiate with the soap-dealers, so to speak. Dr. Dowling is president of the Louisiana State Board of Health, and his campaign for cleanliness and better sanitation began when he was elected a little less than two years ago. He started out by appealing to the people's pride as well as by telling them that they were in general a dirty people. He said other States thought of Louisiana as the home of swamps, mosquitoes, and fevers; that Louisiana deserved the bad reputation; and that the reason was not its location on the map, but dirt—just plain dirt. The death-rate was high, much of the milk the people used came from mangy, sickly cows in filthy dairies. meat was handled without any regard for real cleanliness, markets, stores, and private premises were filthy as a matter of course, and sanitary conditions generally were not considered as anything more serious than an unnecessary fad. Dr. Dowling went to work as if he meant business. Knowing that the circulation of bulletins and other literature and the delivering of speeches in centers of population would not accomplish the desired result, he went personally to the people with his gosel of cleanliness, backed by the police power of the State. He asked the railroads of the State for two cars to be used as an exhibition train, and the railroads gave him three cars and took care of the train until he was through with it. The tour lasted seven months. Seven thousand miles were covered, 660 lectures delivered to 120,000 people, and 2,500 inspections made.—*The Literary Digest.*

Booklets

BY JENKIN LLOYD JONES

Advice to Girls. From John Ruskin, with Lenten Sermon by Jenkin Lloyd Jones. Paper, net $0.35
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The Divinity of Fatherhood ..... .10
The Dual Mystery: What Is Materialism? ..... .10
Great Hopes for Great Souls ..... .10
The Intellectual Life ..... .10
What Shall I Do to Be Saved ..... .10

UNITY PUBLISHING CO.
Abraham Lincoln Centre, Chicago

The Tower Hill Encampment and Summer School

FOR 1912

TWENTY SECOND SEASON

THE ENCAMPMENT will open as usual on the first day of July and close to guests on Wednesday, September 18.

THE SUMMER SCHOOL will open with Public Services on Sunday, July 14, and will continue in session until Sunday, August 11, 1912

Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Conductor.
Bertha M. Howe, Secretary and Treasurer.

CLASSES IN RELIGION LED BY MR. JONES. FIVE STUDIES WEEKLY.

THE RELIGIONS OF THE ELDER WORLD, being the second year's work in the seven years' course. Topics, Egypt, Babylonia, the Hittites, the Phoenicians, India including the Vedas, Ramayana, the Mahabaratta and the Bhagavad Ghita, Buddha and Buddhism, Zoroaster and the Parsi, Confucius and the Chinese, the Greek. the Mohammedan, the Japanese and the Shinto Faith.

STUDIES IN LITERATURE—By Mr. Jones. Porch Readings and Evening Lectures will take note of the centennial years of Charles Dickens and Robert Browning. To the former will be given three lectures: As Novelist, as Sociologist, illustrated by Little Dorritt, as Democrat, illustrated by The Tale of Two Cities.

NATURE STUDIES—Bertha M. Howe will, this year as last, lead the studies in the natural life of the hill,—Flowers, Ferns, Birds, Insect Life. Talks in the pavilion, supplemented by field walks and excursions. This has always been an interesting feature at Tower Hill and Miss Howe's cottage is one of the early ones and her long residence has given her the opportunity of mastering the Flora and the Fauna of the hill.

MUSICAL STUDIES—Mrs. Charles Carroll Brown, of Indianapolis, will continue the class in Musical Analysis and Interpretation, illustrations to be given at the piano, and by Miss Edith Stanton Brown on the violin. The constant relation of musical art to life will be shown in these studies. The Library at Tower Hill has been promised books from the Wisconsin Traveling Library Commission bearing especially upon this work. The course is designed to aid those whose interest in music is cultural rather than technical. The experience of the last two seasons has fully demonstrated that the "Browns of Indianapolis," mother and daughter, with their assistants, are able to edify and instruct the trained and untrained ears that are willing to listen.

THE TOWER HILL CONGRESS will hold it Seventh Session this year at Portage City, Wis., under the old management, during the last days of August or the first days of September. The Tower Hill contingency will drive across the country. The program, as usual, will be in charge of Miss Lutie E. Stearns of Madison, Wis., assisted by Miss Zona Gale and other Portage ladies.

THE SUNDAY GROVE MEETINGS. One Sunday this year will be given to the cause of Woman's Suffrage, the program being in charge of the state officers representing that cause.

INFORMATION

Tower Hill is situated on the Wisconsin River in Iowa County, Wisconsin, 35 miles west of Madison on the Prairie du Chien Division of the C., M. & St. P. Ry. Helena is the flag station, at which all trains will stop for Tower Hill guests. Tickets can be bought and baggage checked to Helena. Helena is also a summer office for the Wells Fargo Express Company. Mr. Jones is agent for the express company, ticket and baggage agent for the railroad company, and Postmaster of the summer post office at Tower Hill, which will receive two mails daily.

ACCOMMODATIONS.— The Tower Hill Pleasure Company own and control the Dining Hall, Ice House, the Pavilion for Public Meetings, the water works, which supplies the purest of water to all the cottages and a few long-house rooms, and there are always some of the cottages to be rented. The Dining Room is supplied with fresh vegetables, milk, cream and for most part butter from the garden and barn yard of the Jenkin Lloyd Jones farm adjoining. Applications for rooms or cottages should be made early for the accommodations are limited to about 80 guests.

TERMS.— Board $5.00 per week. Board and room in long house $8 per week. Cottages, accommodating 4 or more, for the season, $50.00 and upwards.

Transportation to and from station, two miles distant, 50 cents. Trunks, 50 cents. Satchels, Packages, 15 cents.

The Spring Green Livery will furnish horse or auto-carriages to guests on telephone call.

For Further Particulars, Address, until July 1, Mrs Edith Lackersteen, Superintendent Abraham Lincoln Centre, Chicago.

After that date address same at Tower Hill, Wis.

(For further particulars see opposite page.)

A TOWER HILL LETTER

My Dear Old School Friend:

I am wondering if the lengthening days have brought to you, too, a realizing sense that some day summer will be here again, and you and I will be close onto our hard-earned, all-too-short vacation. You do not need to be reminded of our last discouraged talk as we parted three years ago to go to our widely separated school-rooms. We said then, we will not, even for the pleasure of being together, waste our precious holiday moments in the sort of places we have struck during the last few years—in barracks called hotels, where you can hear your neighbor four rooms away, snoring all night after his arduous day's fishing, where the tinkling piano never ceases its rag-time jingle, where the corridors and porches are the playground of uncontrolled children, where the young folks drive their mothers and themselves to nervous prostration in the rush for "fun," and ride rough-shod over the comfort of everybody else in the process, and, barring embroidery, dress, and criticism of the table, the elder women—those of our class—are doomed to what Mrs. Deland calls "arid stretches of the unspeakable dullness of idleness." No, my dear, Home, sweet Home, even in a big, hot city is better, and there we will spend our summers until we find just "the right kind" of place that we hope is waiting somewhere for "our kind." Something of that kind, my friend, was the ultimatum, and, SISTER, I HAVE FOUND IT,—at least I am pretty sure I have, so, begin right now to make your preparations to spend every possible moment with me on TOWER HILL, and now I will tell you all about it. I made my wonderful discovery while on a flying visit to my Aunt at Dodgeville, Iowa Co., Wis. She was just starting for a Woman's Congress Meeting at Tower Hill, and I never can thank her enough for taking me along. We found there, on a beautiful, wooded hill-side overlooking the Wisconsin river, three miles from a soda fountain or a piece of chewing gum, a little bunch of men, women and children who not only are, evidently, as near perfect happiness as ever falls to the lot of humanity, but are also "doing things" for themselves and the country around them, things that count in character and progress.

Picture to yourself twenty or twenty-five simple, cheap, but artistic and comfortable cottages, dotted here and there over the hillside, embowered in the natural greenery, trees and underbrush so heavy that your neighbor's house is scarcely visible, and your own privacy absolute. Every porch is screened in as a sitting and sleeping room, and has an exquisite view of wood or river, and running water in the house, galore. Oh, do you remember the two—or was it three—quart pitcher of water upon which we practiced our theories of conservation at that last place? Why a lady in one of those dear little nests near the upper edge of the hill told me she took four baths a day during that hot spell last summer, with an occasional extra; that between the wind-mill on the top of the hill and the gasoline engine at the bottom, and the two wells, the supply is practically inexhaustible.

Then such a beautiful country for walking and riding. Hills and valleys, springs and walnut groves, a sure welcome in the Hillside Valley with its noble school buildings, its lovely old "Jones" homes, and its little church that looks is if it grew right there. Yes, I know, my dear, what you are saying to yourself. All those nice things might be, and yet the place be spoiled for you and me by certain people or certain influences not congenial. This colony has been established over twenty years, nearly all the cottages are owned by those who occupy them. Each cottage owner comes there because he—or mostly she—loves the place, recognizes the social and spiritual atmosphere that naturally belongs to such surroundings, and guards and nurtures it to the best of his or her ability. So well do they succeeded that artificiality, in dress or manners, if it is ever so unfortunate as to lift its head in that climate, withers and dies, and its would-be devotees go elsewhere "next year."

In that blessed country, while enjoying all the pleasures of your own home, you leave behind most of the worries. You have no meals to prepare, but three times a day, (and nobody ever misses a meal, they are too good,) a shady walk down a curving, woodsy path to the general dining-room, where, at sociable, little tables you meet lots of interesting people and, incidently eat vegetables gathered out of "our own" garden within the hour, and drink milk from our own farmer's Jerseys, just over the way and through the patent gate. I have left to the last what I am sure will probably appeal to you the most. There is the dearest little library building, with an open fireplace for chilly mornings and evenings, a wide screened porch overlooking the tennis court and favorite lounging ground, just outside the dining room doors; with several hundred good books and just enough regulation to make it an ideal place to spend—any number of quiet hours.

Then all over the hill there are little porch coteries, combining fancy work and good reading aloud, there are science classes wandering all over the country, searching for and finding wonderful birds, trees, flowers, bugs, butterflies and rocks, and last and best of of all there is the summer school for four weeks in mid-summer, where for a very limited number of hours a day an inexhaustible fund of science, poetry, art, literature and religion is poured out of the heart and brain of Jenkin Lloyd Jones. I shall not blame you if the very mention of summer school frightens you—we have been to summer schools, and we have returned home, exhausted, but this is different. To begin with, Mr. Jones loves the work himself, he has done so much of it that it seems to be no trouble, as somebody up there said it "seemed to do him good to get it off his chest," and as for the class, that same somebody remarked, "No brain or heart, however weary, could help but be refreshed and revivified; one must leave that class a broader, better man or woman, with infinitely better capacity to do life's work. I am told that the Studies in Religion, this being the second year in the seven year course as used in Mr. Jones' own Sunday-school, bring to the class the very cream of religious and scientific lore gathered by Mr. Jones through the last twnety-five years, and brought right up to date.

The science classes in charge of Miss Howe are great for the youngsters, both small and big.

I must not forget the two or three grove-meeting Sundays, when the country folk for many miles around bring their dinner and stay for the two services in the open pavilion, nor the weekly Sabbath sundown service, short and tender, carrying its benediction of peace and poise.

I can hardly imagine a greater contrast than that which exists between these quiet Sundays and the hullaballoo of Saturday and Sunday at the average resort swamped with the poor creatures straining widely to make the most of their one short holiday.

Dost like the picture? If so, let us decide early, and secure one of those dear little cottages if we can.

There is no hotel—thank goodness. There are a few rooms in two and four roomed "Long-Houses," belonging to the Tower Hill Company, and a very few cottages for rent for the season. Of course, one of the beauties of such a place is the absolute absence of crowding, and so I understand the management will draw the line pretty sharply this year, to keep the numbers within certain limits.

I hope that we have found what we have looked for all our lives, a simple, sane, wholesome, inexpensive opportunity for rest and recreation of body, brain and heart. Will you come and try it?

January 3, 1912. Yours for the Simple Life, Lydia.

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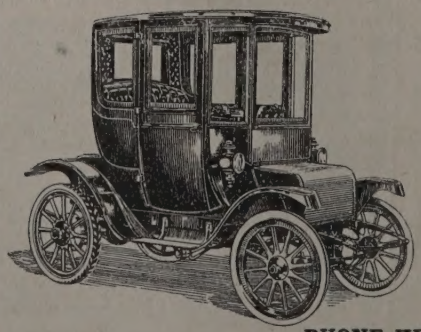

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